

## A NOTED WOMAN WHO HAS A DAUGHTER IN HONOLULU

Mrs. Van Cleve, Mother of Mrs. W. W. Hall, Was the First White Child Born in the Northwest.

THE FOLLOWING STORY in the Ladies' Home Journal for August has especial interest in that the heroine, Mrs. Van Cleve, is the mother of Mrs. W. W. Hall of this city. Mrs. Van Cleve was the wife of the late General Van Cleve, who was in charge of the Murfreesboro military base of supplies under General Thomas during the Civil War. As a Lieutenant, Van Cleve attained considerable prominence in the Northwest before the war. It was at Murfreesboro that Mr. Hall first met Miss Elizabeth Van Cleve, who became his wife. Mrs. Van Cleve is now eighty-two years of age. She played an important part in the history of the Northwest, where she was the first white child born, and wrote a book of memoirs entitled "Seventy-five Years of Pioneer Life in the Northwest." She is now living in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Hall leaves on the 6th of the present month for San Francisco, where she will meet her son Seymour, who has just finished his first year in the University of California. From there they will go to Harvard and join Edwin O. Hall, who is about to enter his Sophomore year. Thence they will go to visit Mrs. Van Cleve. Mrs. Van Cleve visited the Hawaiian Islands about twenty years ago and will be remembered by the kamaainas here. The story from the Ladies' Home Journal is appended:

A little over eighty years ago a detachment of United States troops, weary with long voyaging, for they had been months on their way by lake and river from the distant East, entered Fort Crawford, a military outpost of the continent far beyond the scant fringe of frontier civilization; though it was only as far west as the present city of Prairie du Chien, in the State of Wisconsin. The destination of the troops was a point still several hundred miles to the north, where, at the junction of the Mississippi and St. Peter rivers, they had been ordered to establish a fort, since famous among military posts as Fort Snelling.

One of the officers of the command was Lieutenant Nathan Clark of the Fifth Infantry. Accompanying him was his young wife. She had refused to remain in their snug New England home, being both willing and glad to face the privations and the dangers of such a journey that she might be at the side of her husband. But an hour after they reached Fort Crawford, on the morning of the 1st day of July, 1819, a little child was born to them, the first white child to be born in all that vast region which now comprises the great Northwestern portion of the United States. The parents gave to the child the name Charlotte, but the officers of the command begged to be allowed to add another name, that given by the Indians to the river which entered the Mississippi hard by. Ouisconsin, since changed to Wisconsin.

### EARLY SCHOoled TO HARDSHIPS AND DANGERS.

The little one's life seemed all but miraculously spared. The mother, stricken with a fever, was unable to care for much less nourish, the tiny babe. With many hundreds of miles between them and food supplies, with no medical attendance save that of the troop surgeon, who was seldom fit for duty until the soldiers had poured cold water over him to sober him up from his normal state of intoxication, the conditions were far from favorable should an adult fall ill; for a baby a few days old they were distressing indeed. Musty flour was mixed with sweetened water and tied in a bit of coarse cloth, rudely but tenderly fashioned to fit the little mouth, and this was her only food. But, strange to say, she thrived and bore the rest of the journey, three hundred miles by open boat up the Mississippi river, as well as any member of the party.

Day by day fresh dangers beset the little one, but she overcame them all, and when months had passed, and the stone fortress on the mighty bluff overlooking the Mississippi at last had been completed, she was rapidly approaching girlhood, a strong and vigorous child, keenly alive to the many strange features of her life. Her maidenhood, as she grew toward maidenhood, was quite unusual. Two dominant features of this environment were always before her. One of these was military; always the soldiers going to and fro; always muskets and drills and parades; never out of sight of the flag.

Once, however, for a short time, she was too far away to hear the call of the horns. The savage wolves had been stealing her chickens. In company with her younger brother—she herself was not in her teens—and aided by one of the soldiers of the post, she had set a huge steel trap for the depredators. On a sharp winter morning they arose early, before their parents were awake, and slipped out to see what the trap might hold. Unmistakable traces of a struggle in the snow indicated the trap had done its duty. Looking farther, they found the trail of the wolf, evidently an enormous fellow, as he had dragged the heavy trap after him. The excitement of the moment ran too high for any such humdrum things as caution or foresight or thought of danger, so cloakless and hatless the two hardy youngsters, bred to exposure, took up the trail and started on a mad chase in the starlit dawn far across the wide parade ground and on beyond the confines of the post, tracking the wolf with eyes keen for such pursuit.

### TRAILED A TRAPPED WOLF AT GREAT PERIL.

They had gone a mile or more beyond the limits of the fort before a pair of consciences suddenly awoke to the fact that they were doing that which they ought not to do, what even a soldier would not do, for the region was full of savages—and dead children, no less than dead men, tell no tales. And besides, and what probably hurt them fully as much, they were both aware of the stinging cold. So happily meeting an Indian boy they told him their story, and shouldered the burden of the wolf upon him. He went a bit farther on, and, hard by a beautiful cataract, famed among the Indians, and suggestive in sentiment to a poet who never saw it—the Minnehaha of Longfellow—the boy captured the wolf, and the children, with the Indian lad dragging the trap in which the wolf was still alive, brought their trophy into the post.

One of the older officers of the post who had a warm place in his heart for children, and particularly for brave children, advised the young officer—the father of the children—to wait until

after his morning's coffee before he pronounced penalty upon the daring pair. It is not recorded that his mien was especially severe when he heard from them the story of their exploit.

The other leading feature in the environment of the young girl was the stirring life of the frontier, but these two features, the soldier and the savage, were ever full of a strange fascination. There were thousands of Indians in the vast regions round about; some of them guileless; some of them innocent and artless as children; some of them masters of a rude diplomacy and skilled in a finesse not to be despised; some of them brutal, bloodthirsty and savage to the last drop of blood in their treacherous hearts; some of them steady and constant as the stars in their devotion to those who had come so far from the home of the great White Father of the East.

### DRAMATIC DEATH OF HER INDIAN COMPANION.

It was the duty of this little post so far from the outside world not only to prevent bloodshed as far as possible between the two main nations, the Chippewas and the Sioux, who had fought each other for centuries, but also to see that, so far as was possible, justice should prevail between them. A quintet of Sioux braves had brutally killed some of the Chippewas, shooting them in their tepees while asleep; and this, too, just after the conclusion of a temporary treaty of peace between the two tribes—hereditary and implacable enemies. The commandant of the post learned the details of the affair, made an investigation, and demanded the guilty Sioux, who were at last reluctantly given up. As there was no question regarding the crime, and as it was wholly unprovoked and brutal, the commandant ordered the five Indians over to the Chippewas to be dealt with as was found fit.

One of the Sioux, a stalwart young fellow, a splendid specimen of a nation famed for bravery and prowess, was an especial favorite of the little girl. He was a master hand at fashioning curious toys, slender and swift-shooting bows and arrows, and all manner of quaint articles of wood and birch bark. Many were the treasures which this silent, swarthy, constant friend brought to the feet of the little paleface whom he loved. So it was with a heavy heart that she heard the decision of the Chippewa council, a decision not long in reaching—the gauntlet.

In the distance, far across the flower-decked parade ground, stood the line of Sioux waiting for their comrades. Opposite them were the Chippewas with their best riflemen in readiness. If the prisoners succeeded in reaching their friends they were entitled to liberty. One by one the Indians sprang forth on their race with death, and one by one they were left quivering amidst the summer flowers. "Little Six," the friend of the girl who stood watching the strange scene from the doorway of her father's quarters, was the last of the five, and the swiftest runner of them all. There was an intense hope in her heart, as she watched him prepare for the gauntlet, that though he withstood one volley she was doomed to see her favorite spring into the air, just as he reached the goal, and fall dead at the feet of his friends, the hands that had wrought her so many curious toys and gifts clutching the greensward in the grasp of death.

### FEARLESS IN THE FACE OF DEATH AT SEA.

It was not long after this that her father and mother decided to visit their old home on a long-deferred leave of absence. It was a curious route they took. They went from Fort Snelling to New York wholly by water, in order to save time; first by keel boat propelled by a crew of powerful oarsmen three hundred miles south to Fort Crawford; then by tiny steamer to St. Louis and New Orleans, and then by sailing vessel to New York, nearly a month of their sea voyage being passed out of sight of land by reason of a great storm. When the ship was tossed at the worst the captain ordered the masts cut away so that she might float in upon shore hard by and possibly escape total destruction. Happily, just at that moment the Hatteras light was seen, and the storm-tossed ship made port in safety. The parents of the little girl, as well as the captain and crew, had given up all hope of life, but the child, having no sense of fear, laughed at the seas and thought the storm was a royal lark.

When the year 1824 came it was time for the young girl to be sent East to school. She traveled the entire distance from Fort Winnebago, on the Fox river, in what is now the State of Wisconsin, to Niagara by open boat and schooner; from the latter point by stage coach, canal, steamboat, and one of the first railroads constructed in the United States on to New Haven. In the United States President, Zachary Taylor, was in command at Fort Crawford not far from her father's post, and not long after she passed through on her long journey East her parents learned of the event which saddened the home of the commandant, the

## "LILY'S" DAUGHTER TO WED TITLE.



Jeanne Langtry, daughter of Mrs. Langtry, popularly known as the "Jersey Lily," is reported engaged to the Hon. Ivor Guest, M. P., son and heir of Lord Wimborne. Lady Wimborne, the mother, is a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. She is said to object to the match.

elopement of his daughter, a winsome lass, with Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, afterward the president of the Southern Confederacy. She died six months afterward, never reconciled to her parents.

### SURRENDERED HER HEART TO A SOLDIER.

Two years were passed in New Haven at the young ladies' school of Miss Aphorpe, one of the leading institutions of the time, attended by many of the young women from the well-known families of the Eastern cities. Her return to Fort Winnebago consumed nearly two months, and, added to the novelty of the journey was an occasional dash of danger and the spice of adventure.

The varying fortunes of war on the frontier carried the young girl to many different places—now this fort, now that; now it was a long journey with the troops through a savage region infested with still more savage Indians; now a long tour of the South, visiting some of the older cities and towns, where she saw more of the social side of military life. Here with her parents she was intimately associated with such men as Generals Taylor and Jackson, afterward presidents of the United States, and with many others in the South, famous as social or political leaders of the nation a half century or more ago. This constant change, this kaleidoscopic view of a strangely interesting life, could not but have made a deep impression, an impression not to be eradicated even by the stirring events of her later life.

In the year 1836, when but sixteen years of age, she was married to Lieut. H. P. Van Cleve, a young officer of the regular army, and it was not until some time after her marriage that she was for any great length of time out of hearing of the bugle or out of sight of the flag. Even in later years when the war between the North and South broke out, and her husband re-entered the service, she again took up the army life in the South, as well as at Fort Snelling, where her girlhood days had been passed so eventfully.

### ON THE VERY VERGE OF STARVATION.

Dangers of new type, and experiences of strange sort, met her in the frontier life which she and her husband lived for some years after their marriage. They had settled upon a farm to try the tillage of the soil. They were far removed from friends and even from any community other than the small settlements scattered here and there over the new territory of the great West. Some idea of the conditions which surrounded them may be found in an experience which befell them during their first year. The winter had been unusually long and severe, and their store of provisions ran low. It was a long distance to the nearest place of supplies, and communication with the outside world had been cut off. Added to the other features, a band of Indians was in the neighborhood, and these Indians were by no means as friendly as might have been wished. One night they broke into the granary where their wheat was stored and stole as much as they wished.

In doing this a large amount of broken glass became mixed in with the wheat which the Indians left, so for many days, amidst much merry story-telling and many a joke and laugh, in

spite of the serious situation, the family gathered about a large table in the center of their main living room and spent the short winter days picking over the wheat, kernel by kernel, in order to free it from the pieces of glass. For this wheat stood between them and starvation, and none of its precious kernels must be lost. Their stock of flour had long since wasted away, as had the greater part of their food supplies, so they boiled and ate the wheat without grinding. Relief reached them just in time to prevent a sad ending to the experience.

The frontier life was succeeded by that of the city, and here, though the experiences were wholly different in type, they remained full of interest, for it was her lot to be always in the midst of marked activities.

Today, well on to a century since the little babe was born, she lives a tranquil life, an aged woman, but with mental powers strong and keen, and with an interest in the affairs of the world both marked and constant. It seems quite past belief that the first-born of the little daughter of the Regiment was born, had never known the birth of other than the children of the savages, has increased since her birth to a vast empire, having a population of more than seven millions of people, a region but just beginning to appreciate its own strength. It seems even more wonderful that the first person to be born in so large and populous a region should still be alive and strong in her interest in all that makes for the advancement of the nation.

### THE AUTUMN DAYS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

Mrs. Van Cleve has a charming personality, her fine, strong eye and expressive face eloquent of the womanhood within. Wherever and however her life has been passed—whether on the frontier, never absent from military scenes, as a pioneer amidst the hardships inseparable from the career of those who gave civilization to the great West, as an instructor in a western institution of learning, or in the still larger sphere of city life—it has ever been a life of activity, a life devoted with unselfishness to the uplift of others. In every sort of philanthropic work, especially in all forms having the advancement of women for a governing motive; in the wide field of missionary effort, either at home or gathering information in long voyaging in the Pacific; in advocacy of all manner of movements suitable for the voice and pen of woman, and tending to the general betterment of the community. In all particular and definite enterprises for the aid of the distressed and the protection and saving of the fallen of her sex, this woman has been a steadfast and commanding figure.

It is interesting to note that, with her gallant husband, since deceased, she celebrated, more than a decade and a half ago, her golden wedding. It has been an ordinary, humdrum life which this sweet-faced old lady has lived. Not only is it a wonderful life in that as noted, she is the first white person born in a region larger than a block of central Europe, embracing the German Empire, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Austria-Hungary and Italy, a region which has grown in her lifetime from a wilderness to an empire, but it is a life which has been thronged with stirring events, oftentimes following one another with striking and dramatic power, events interwoven with the great epochs of the West, some of them sparkling with the brilliancy of notable social functions, others rich in the pomp and glory of arms, still others throbbing with the mad beat of the heart of savage life.

A vivid, picturesque, brilliant life; and yet, should you meet this white-

haired old lady at her home in Minneapolis, you would find her, as ever throughout her long life, the same unassuming, earnest, devoted woman, ever eager to do all in her power for the furtherance of the interests of those with whom she comes in contact, ever ready with voice or pen to set forward the standard of the world.

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